

A most excellent new Ballad, of an olde man and his wife, which in their olde age and misery
sought to their owne children for succour, by whom they were disdained & scornfully sent
away succourlesse, and how the vengeance of God was iustly shewed vpon them for
the same.
To the tune of Prissilla.

I Was an old man, which with his poore
in great distresse did fall: (wife,
They were so feeble with age God wot
they could not worke at all
A gallant sonne they had
which liued wealthyly
So whom they went with full intent,
to ease their misery
Alack and alas for wo,
Alack and alas for wo.
¶ A hundred miles when they had gone
with many a weary step
at length they saw their sonnes faire house
which made their harts to leape:
They late them on the græne
their shoes and hose to trim
And put cleane bands about their necke
gainst they should enter in. Alack &c.
¶ Unto the doore with trembling soyns
when this olde couple came
The woman with a shaking head
the olde man blind and lame
Full warily they did knocke
fearing so; to offend
at last their sonne doth frowningly come,
vnto them in the end. (Alack, &c.
God folks qd he what would you haue here
me thinks you are too bolde
Why get you not home to your country
now you are olde and lame
With that they both replied
with sorow care and grieve
Here are we come to thee our sonne
for succour and reliefe. Alack, &c.
¶ This is thy father gentle sonne
and I thy louing mother
That brought thee vp most tenderly,
and lou'd thee aboue all other
I bore thee in this wombe
these brestes did nourish thee
And as it chaunst I often daunst
thee on my tender knee. Alack, &c.
And humbly now we doe thee intreat,
my deare and louing sonne
That thou wilt doe for vs in our age
as we for thee haue done
Pe, no, not so he said
your fate is all in vaine
¶ This best for you I tell you true
to get you home againe. Alack &c.
The world is not now as when I was bozn
all things are growne more deare:
My charge of Children is not smal
as plainly doth appeare
The best that I can doe
will hardly them maintaine:
Therefore I say be packing away,
and get you home againe. alack, &c,

The olde man with his hat in hand
full many a leg did make.
The woman wept and wrong her hands
and prayd him for Christ his sake:
Not so to send them back,
distressed and vndone
But let vs lie in some barne here by
quoth the my louing sonne Alack &c,
¶ By no meenes would he thereto consent,
but sent them some away,
Quoth he you know the perill of Laine
if long time here you stay:
The strokes and whipping poast
will fall vnto your share
Then take you hede and with all speed
to your country do repaire. Alack, &c.
¶ Away then went this woful olde man,
full sad in heart and minde
With weeping teares his wife did lament
their sonne was so unkinde.
Thou wicked child quoth they
for this thy cruell dede:
The Lord send thee as little pittie,
when thou dost stand in neede. Alack &c.
¶ His children hearing his father set
his parents thus at nought
In short time after to haue his lands
his death they subtilly wrought
What cause haue we quoth they
more kindnes to expresse
Then he vnto his parents did,
in their great wretchednes Alack, &c.
¶ They murdered him in pittifull sort
they wayde not his intreats:
The more he prayd impassionately
the greater were his threats
Speake not to vs quoth they,
for thou the death shalt die:
and with that word with Dagger & sword
they mangled him monsterously Alack &c
When they had got his siluer and golde
according to their minde
They buried him in a stinking ditch
where no man could him finde:
But now behold and see
Gods vengeance on them all:
To gaine that gold their rouzen came,
and slew them great and small. alack &c.
¶ He came amongst them w a great club,
in dead time of the night:
Pea two of the sonnes he bzained therewith,
and taking of his flight
The murderer taken was,
and suffered for the same:
Deseruedly for their cruelty,
this vengeance vpon them came.
Alack and alas therefore,
Alack and alas therefore. Finis.
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